" DEAR Miss TERRY,—

" I look forward to the pleasure of calling upon you on Tuesday next at two o'clock.

" With every good wish, believe me, sincerely,

" HENRY IRVING."

The call was in reference to my engagement as Ophelia, Strangely characteristic I see it now to have been of Henry that he was content to take my powers as an actress more or less on trust. A mutual friend, Lady Pollock, had told him that I was the very person for him; that " all London " was talking of my Olivia; that I had acted well in Shakespeare with, the Bancrofts; that I should bring to the Lyceum Theatre what players call "a personal following/' Henry chose his friends as carefully as he chose his company and his staff. He believed in Lady Pollock implicitly, and he did not—it is possible that he could not—come and see my Olivia for himself.

I was living in Longridge Road when Henry Irving first came to see me.

Not a word of our conversation about the engagement can I remember. I did notice, however, the great change that had taken place in the man since I had last met him in 1867. Then he was really almost ordinary looking—with a moustache, an unwrinkled face, and a sloping forehead. The only wonderful thing about him was his melancholy. When I was playing the piano once in the greenroom at the Queen's Theatre, he came in and listened I remember being made aware of his presence by his sigh—the deepest, profoundest, sincerest sigh I ever heard from any human

being. He asked me if I would not play the piece again.

The incident impressed itself on my mind, inseparably associated with a picture of him as he looked at thirty—a picture by no means pleasing. He looked conceited, and almost savagely proud of the isolation in which he lived.